

DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

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.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



DIE LEERE MITTE
Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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soft

the significant / discontinuities

letter as or lattice flaw
word as or molecule (absent)
line as wire / bath / spin (dot)
page or plane as
/// slickensides, or lines
as when pages Fault

striations — mul mus
mascul / Glacial
are minim muscul. And
page or scarp — scarpal
(behead riftbox
hang ingvalley

body as gitter / glitter

blackletter dark
matte

son

blackon

back — letter as

part / wave Observer

the interference no, I Static
synter

blackon axe

cinder seller rackson

exhalation

blue celeste orbis

atmospheric l gases

ASSESS... aspirin

Orbis Kop fschm

Hören

einstürzendeneu

Constellations

Réka Nyitrai · *Turntable*

Robin song filled with cake rusk
In a woodpecker's nest a school of poets filing paid bills to deter snakes
Six glossy white eggs to last the whole voyage
Imminent hatchlings and a small hole between the lips
The goal is to be self-made like the private language of soft rocks
With a pinch of salt another mandala
Beautiful rain seeder
You make me love you
Halfway bold, halfway apple
Between the neck and breast of a bird
If only I hadn't been turned into a needle

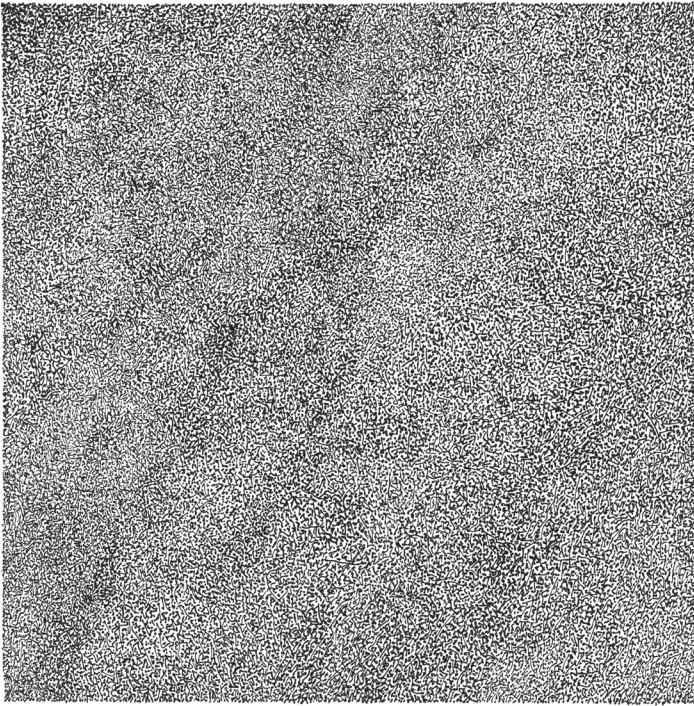
A lion without god is a policy, shifting its postman forward.

broadcasting real-time
my doppelgänger
breeds pigeons
for color

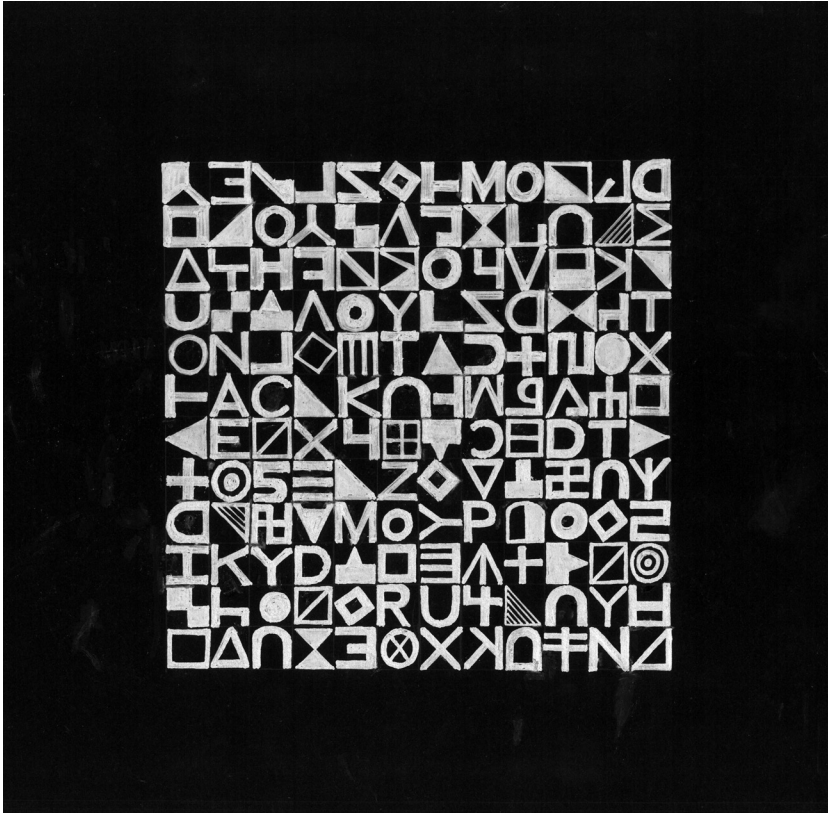
heat wave—
i heard that the president
plans to colonize
god's shoes

robots with octopi arms—
stars combed
from night's wet hair

Werner Preuß · *Feder, Tusche, 2019, o. T.*



Silberstift, 2021, o. T.





Patrick Sweeney · *short forms*

phantom tremors
three more rooms for rent
in Pompeii

spaceman examining pomegranates on aisle one

plastic sheets over crop rows
I can tell by the tilt of his straw hat
the scarecrow's an existentialist

1492 my left eye is lower than my right

HAL 9000 some of his lines improvised

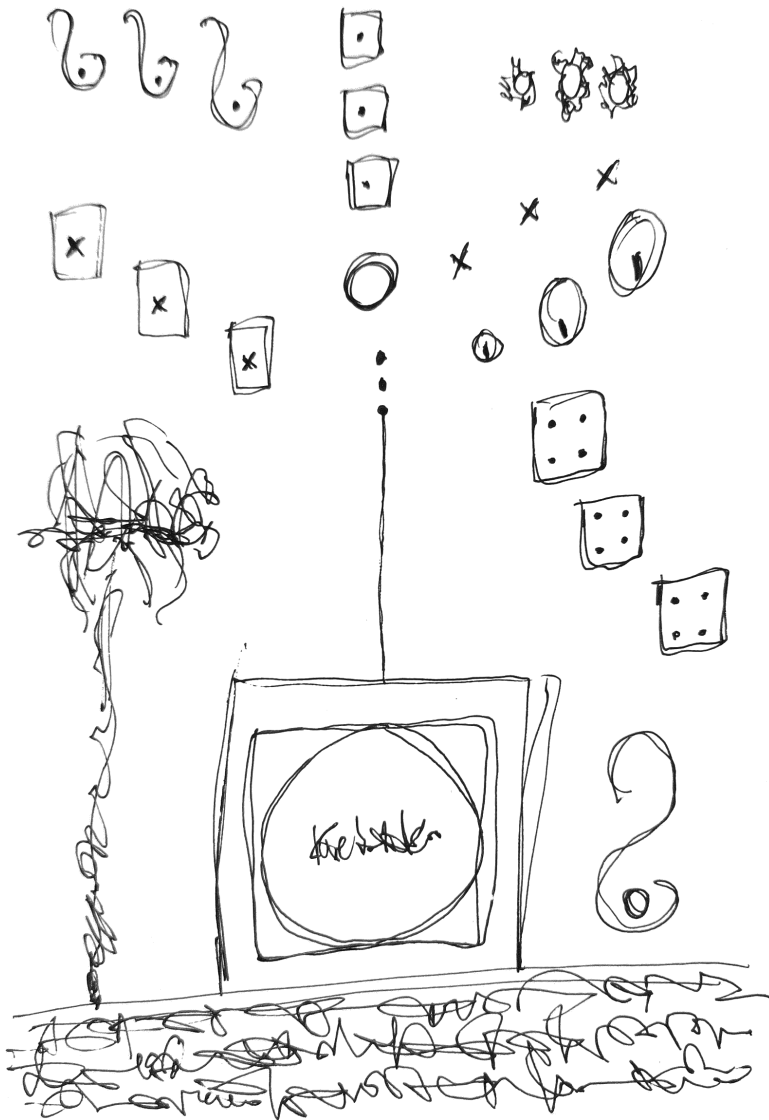
Irish wake
the great checker player's
one good suit

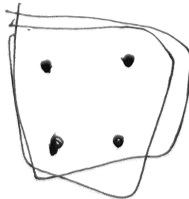
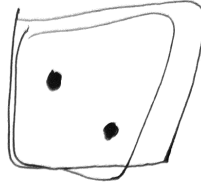
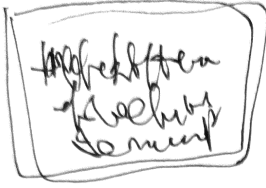
and for God's sake
don't say anything to her
about the symmetry of snowflakes

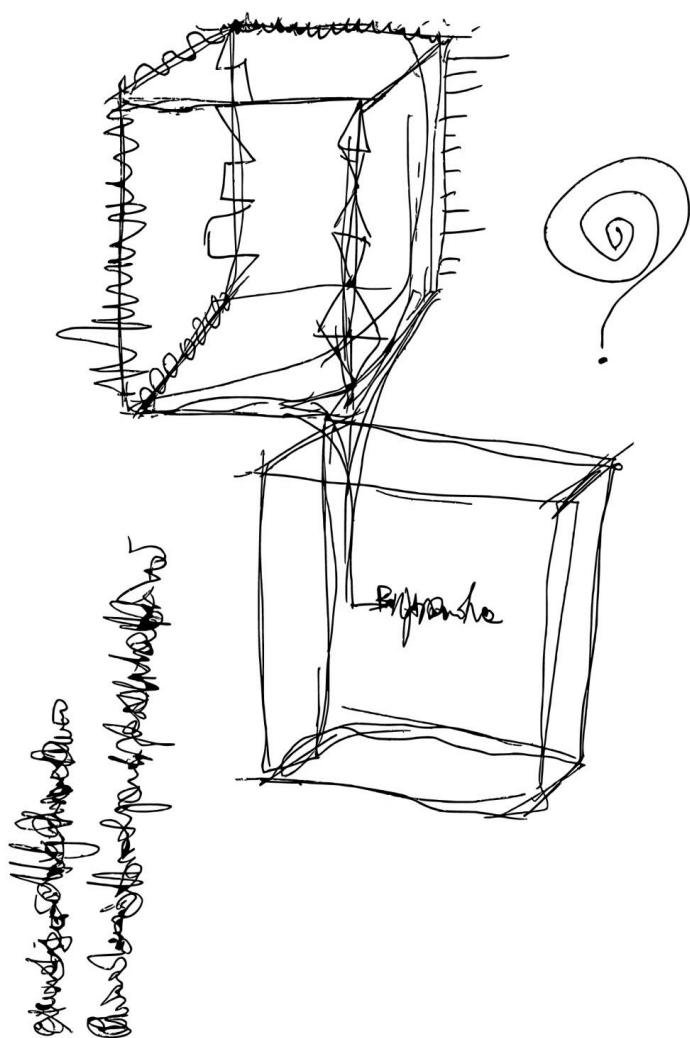
in the mirror practicing leaving without a backward glance

the Ma of the Manhattan skyline

to be included
in the sound
of the rain







Jeremy Nathan Marks · *Souvenir: August 1st, 1966*

Before the first of August, I was a triumph. People stood on my observation deck to look beyond, not to gaze down upon death. I was a monument to the intellect.

My city had only two towers then: the legislature, and me. Politics and higher learning, now we are estranged twins. In the long months of heat, if you stared at our cityscape and then closed your eyes you would see me, a dark tusk beneath the burning sky.

The university plaza lies at my feet. The plaza has great green trees, Mexican oaks and mesquite that never release their leaves. People stop and smoke or sip coffee in their shade. At different times each day, my shadow mingles with those trees. I have always found it odd that in the moments when we should feel closest, they seem furthest away.

Across from the plaza is the Strip, a line of eateries and shops. People come and go all hours. At night, I look up and rest my eyes on the stars. The Strip has the pulse of a strobe, while the stars roll like flotsam.

*

That morning, the buzzards were out. I watched them circle the campus in spirals, riding an updraft though the air was still. They do not linger above the plaza or land in its trees. In the past, hunters picked them off with rifles and the buzzards recall their losses. Only the pigeons persist.

Someone rode my elevator bearing an unusual weight; I felt the burden in their footsteps. They passed through my body like a stone, a pellet that didn't have to touch a thing to displace the space. When they reached my deck, I heard the crack of a rifle butt against someone, then there were muffled words followed by one choked breath. They fired twice, and conversation was ended.

Shots flew from my deck. I watched people fall in front of statues and beneath the trees. Others came to be with them and fell, too. The pigeons left the plaza.

A carpet of fallen people reached the Strip. Normally on a day that hot, I would doze in the stillness. But when the air takes quick, shallow breaths I cannot sleep. A pellet of ice scraping against my face is a comfort compared to a fired bullet.

When the heat is dry, like it was that day, the air feels brittle.

*

I do not know what time it was when the firing stopped. I do know that my shadow was short when I felt other feet scampering up my stairs. There was fury in those steps.

When the footfalls finished and they reached my deck, the air inside me changed. The silence piled up until it broke into several simultaneous blasts. For a moment, those sounds froze the plaza,

and the sun was still.

Only children have ever addressed me. They whisper things to my walls and offer their touch on plush fingertips. They like to explain what they see and assume I understand everything. They think I am a knowing listener.

But I am just a monument. A souvenir, really.

Regina O'Melveny · *The Fly on Cardinal Bandinello Sauli's Left Knee*

from the painting
Cardinal Bandinello Sauli, His Secretary, and Two Geographers
by Sebastiano del Piombo

I

Invisible at first it springs to the eye, fly that sops the Cardinal's paper-white pleats
for a spot of olive oil or anchovy scale or sweat seeping down from the holy thigh, speck

in the pudding, flaw in god's little game of punto - no points unless you sweep the table clean.
Sebastiano, keeper of the Papal seal played at this long before physicist Genzel

in the dim auditorium projected a chart: Lifetime of Dark Mass Concentration
and imaged black hole Sadge-A*innermost region of the Milky Way where

the peak of absolute velocity dispersion indicates a cusp or accretion of matter
like the mole on the underside of my breast that I never see but feel pulled to touch

the spot my lover kisses, beauty and blemish
like the elegant fly whose palps sponge both sweet and foul.

II

Meanwhile the geographers exhibit portolanos with every confidence,
terra incognita notwithstanding. The fly sweeps the wands of its antennae

at the universe and listens, listen. The New World is being discovered.
A black hole jitters in space. Cells are growing darkly beyond their boundaries.

Afterwards, alone in the room of my hotel in the dark that is not an Italian darkness,
hierarchies of loneliness befall me, boundless envoys of science and church

crowd in on me in audience with night, his eminence bundled in black damask
and watered ebon silk, ermine and Dutch woolen cloaks.

I finger the hem of everything I can't quite grasp, the rich brocade of false gods,
the frayed flax of the servant's sleeve outside the portrait's frame,

the tweed of the twentieth-century theorist, the velvets of the geographers,
those illusionists, historians of truth woven with threads of avarice.

III

Yet the artist's beautiful democracy aligns all the heads except
for the Cardinal's pinched red cap that rests slightly lower than his secretary's nod,

his geographers' plain conversant profiles. All nearly equal then
in assignation with the one who has the smallest portrait of all.

The exquisite grotesque, because provocateur, is the object of my love
and alone withstands pretense. Just as I'm about to fly apart, I collapse

and just as I contract, I break up on the shoal of the cartographer's errors
of faith, assumptions toward landfall, safe harbor.

No maps without monstrosities, seas without their gaping Barbary apes
where event horizons spill black disorder from the discus

edges of the world, leaving only the boltzman, little ball-bearing
imploded memory of every state of matter that ever hit it willy-nilly or not.

* (SgrA*) - a reference to the black hole's location in the constellation Sagittarius

Некая античная крыса, отличавшаяся большой любознательностью, однажды лазила по подвалу, попала в амфору с вином и быстро захлебнулась. На следующий день амфору отправили в портовый город и погрузили на корабль. В корабль во время бури ударила молния, начался пожар, и корабль затонул на полпути из Яффы в Пирей. В 3694 году амфору с запёкшейся стеклоподобной массой подняли и вырезали из неё мумию крысы. Путём математического сканирования удалось воспроизвести структуру кратковременной памяти особи и при помощи 16-мерного суперкомпьютера, моделирующего сенсорное восприятие низших млекопитающих, вывести соответствующий видеоряд. Оказалось, что крыса, так (не)удачно попавшая в амфору, за 6 часов до этого присутствовала при допросе Христа Понтием Пилатом.

Засекреченную информацию об этом случайно обнаружила в 5118 году палеокомпьютерная экспедиция. К сожалению, найденный тогда информационный кристалл знаменитой сети НН-4 был почти полностью разрушен, и в конечном счёте удалось вывести часть оглавления, обрывки диалога и два кадра изображения (из общего числа в 2 миллиона). На первом кадре, наименее повреждённом, был виден сидящий человек в одежде римского наместника. Ракурс чрезвычайно неудачен - вид снизу и сбоку. Видна гигантская нога в римском сандалие, непропорционально маленькая голова со сравнительно огромной челюстью, на колене рука с перстнем. Напротив стоит Христос - смуглый семит около 40 лет, в богатой одежде, нос горбатый, крючком, очень редкая борода, одутловатые щёки. Центр кадра (цветовое пятно) - перстень, непропорционально яркий, видимо, предмет внимания грызуна в данную секунду. Второй кадр сильно размыт. Пилата почти не видно, Христос что-то говорит,

показывая рукой прямо на крысу. На переднем плане движется насекомое (предположительно - блатта ориенталис). Смыслового центра кадра нет. Очевидно, зафиксирован момент перемещения внимания с насекомого на задний план. Возможно, крыса хотела проглотить блаттоптерию, но в этот момент была отвлечена возгласом.

Сохранённые обрывки диалога удалось вывести только в формат текстовых файлов, так что правильное атрибутирование адресации оказалось невозможным. Диалог шёл на латинском канцелярите 1 века н.э. и соответствующие реплики с известной долей условности переведены на пиктографический вижен-инглиш. Всего удалось дешифровать 19 фрагментов:

1. Теперь будем решать вопрос по деньгам.
2. Давай условимся так.
3. Есть мнение убрать твоих людей.
4. Где твой аппарат?
5. Станешь на голову короче.
6. Где подарок?
7. Теперь будем решать вопрос по людям.
8. Ударим по рукам (*).
9. Хаять и очернять.
10. Отрегулировать проблему.
11. Коррекция и стимуляция процесса.
12. В провинциальный комитет? Скорее солнце упадёт на землю!
13. В ложном свете.
14. В своё время мы рассмотрим и это предложение.
15. В правильном свете, свет очей.
16. Канцелярская крыса.

17. Свернуть шею прожорливой городской крысе.
18. Повесить стукача на верёвке, смоченной ослиной мочой.

Последний, девятнадцатый фрагмент удалось атрибутировать как явно принадлежащий Христу:

19. Я прошу мне больше не угрожать. Я вообще не понимаю, что говорит высокой господин. Я воскресну и буду жить вечно. Так угодно моему отцу - Господу Богу!

*) Здесь не ясно - в прямом смысле или переносном?

A certain classical rodent distinguished by keen inquisitiveness was once prowling around in the basement, collapsed into the amphora with wine and quickly drowned. On the ensuing day the amphora was dispatched to the seaport where it was loaded onto a vessel. Thunderbolts fulminated into the vessel during a tempest, conflagration erupted and the argosy sank midway en route from Jaffa to Piraeus. In 3694 the amphora with mummified vitrified mass was salvaged from the seabed and the fossilized rat was hewn from it. The layout of the specimen's volatile memory was successfully reproduced by applying the methodology of algebraic scanning, and through the instrumentality of the 16-dimensional super-computer, emulating lower mammals' sensory perception, the relevant video footage was displayed. It transpired that the rat which so (in) felicitously floundered into the amphora, six hours heretofore had sneaked into the presence of Pontius Pilate interrogating Christ.

Clandestine information on that matter was serendipitously unearthed by the computerized archeological mission in 5118. Regretfully, the then retrieved informational chip of the notorious NN-4 grid was almost utterly vandalized, and, in the ultimate reckoning, a portion of the index of contents, de-contextualized fragments of the dialogue and two video snapshots (from amongst the total of two millions) were displayable. A sessile gentleman robed in Roman vice-regal vestments was seen on the former, the least corrupted frame. The foreshortening is extraordinarily abortive – worm's-eye and lateral-side views. A hulking Romanesque-sandaled foot is visible, a disproportionately dwarfish head with a comparatively hypertrophied mandible, a forearm with a sigil ring rests on the knee. Opposite stands Christ – an approximately quadragenarian, swarthy-complexioned Semite, luxuriously gowned, aquiline hooked nose, wispy beard, bloated cheeks.

The focalization of the snapshot (a chromatic splash) is the sigil ring, an ostentatiously flamboyant one, supposedly, the artifact riveting the gnawer's alertness this particular second. The latter snapshot is severely blurred. Pilate is scarcely discernible thereon. Christ is expostulating on something, gesticulating with his hand straightly at the rat. A hexapod (conjecturally, *Blatta orientalis*) is zigzagging across the foreground. The semantic cynosure of the snapshot is yawning. Evidently, the instant of refocusing attention from the insect on the background is videoed. Ostensibly, the rat lusted to ingurgitate the Blattoptera but was diverted by an exclamation.

Extant gleanings of the dialogue were exportable solely into plain textual file format. Consequently, unambiguous authentication of authorship proved to be unidentifiable. The colloquy was being pursued in the Latin bureaucratism of the 1st century AD, and corresponding locutions were, with a certain dosage of conventionality, rendered into icon-based Vision English. Altogether, nineteen nuggets were unscrambled:

1. Now then, we shall fix the fiscal issue.
2. Let us conventionalize things thusly.
3. It is opined that thy folks ought to be disposed of.
4. Where art thy acolytes?
5. Thou wilt become shorter by the head.
6. Where is the baksheesh?
7. Now, let us tackle HR-related matters.
8. We shall strike hands (*).
9. To vilipend and denigrate.
10. To tweak the issue.
11. Troubleshooting and incentivizing the process.
12. To the Grassroots Committee? The sun is likelier to collapse

down on the earth!

13. In an untruthful light.

14. We shall scrutinize this proposal as well in due course.

15. From the proper perspective, delight of my eyes.

16. A clerkly drudge.

17. Chine the edacious urban rat.

18. Asphyxiate the sycophant on a lasso wetted in asinine urine.

The lattermost nineteenth fragment was identified as unequivocally attributable to Christ:

19. I beseech thee not to intimidate me anymore. Altogether, I am clueless as to what Your August Lordship is speaking about. I shall resurrect and persist everlastingly. My father, Lord, my God hath enjoined thus!

*) Hereunder is obfuscated whether figuratively or in the truest sense of the word.

Bob Lucky · *Lines Written on the Roman Bridge, Ponte de Lima*

Words tumble downstream.
Spelling is fluid, no pun intended.
There are garbled phrases and mumbling.
No one cares about meaning. But the sounds
are beautiful, at least until I jump in
to save a word I've never seen before,
a word that means nothing to me.

If Typewriters Could Talk or Fountain Pens Leaked

If Gertrude Stein could write like Gertrude Stein she wouldn't be Gertrude Stein and tender buttons would be falling off blouses shirts jackets trousers around the world ding ding in yellow frying pans as if as if the color of frying pans had anything to do with buttons or Gertrude or blue was green or green was blue which reminds me of a Michael Jackson joke in Japanese but let's get back to wherever it was was.

Let's Go Outside

Let's stroll to the shore, snag our tongues on the breeze.
Let's cross the desert, feed our hearts to the sun.
Let's scale a mountain, pin our eyes to the peak.
Let's go spelunking, lose our hands in the dark.
Let's walk in the woods, hang our skin in the trees.
Let's paddle upstream, float our boat home again.

Meanwhile, Back at the Cold Mountain Ranch

Wind rattles the bamboo.
Bougainvillea blossoms tremble.
This time of year parakeets
Shred the air with their cries.

Mother and Father are dead;
What little they had is gone.
I've no answer when people ask
Why all the poems I write are short.

Minimalist Ghazal #6

sought to be a moth
prayed to be a sloth

dreams slow motion
in a loincloth

I chant spells
bewitch the broth

fifteen hours a day
getting sloshed

shred a guitar
claws of the sloth

Minimalist Ghazal #7

callousness in politics
redress in politics

grossly twisted
we guess in politics

behind closed doors
confess in politics

drain the swamp
recess in politics

tone-deaf rhetoric
success in politics

often the truth
the mess in politics

Rob Stuart · *Needle in a Haystack*[illegible]

